

That vergesca
has challenged
all 47 regular
knights present.



Chapter One: Vergescu

(continued)



Vergescu old English for "Bright-Bright". A name for bright
(continued) Vergescu is the name of the old world for making
the English name of Vergescu. Vergescu is the name of the

Leicester Castle,
the old Capital
of Brittany*
on the border of
Poitou and Gascony



* Leicester's grandfather sold the kingdom of Brittany ("Britia Bretonia")
into two fief, his father-in-law, Poitou, for blue, and Gascony for brown.



My lord, as the so-called Knights
of Brittany haven't taught the fool
properly, your Knights of the Round
Table are more than willing to teach
that vermin to respect his elders.

Sir Kay,
Foster Brother
to King, Arthur
the Seneschal
of Logres

Sure, please let
me go first!



You are looking
to kill that fool,
and the youth
does not deserve
death for his
youthful follies.

SIGH

Sir Griflet,
son of Do,
le fise de Dou*.



Tell me, do these two men of Gaul
do the things a knight should, and
do not pretend with you, when you
are a perfect knight, to be a knight
of the Round Table.



Sire!

You are a righteous
and pious knight.

I charge you to
urbane the youth
as gently as you can
and get an end to
this nuisance.



My lord,
I hear
and obey.



I woke up in the
middle of the night
and you had left!
So I rode after you,
all worried and
everything.

but I didn't expect
you to get into
THIS much trouble!

*looking
horrified
& angry
brother*

There's a reason why
our vigilance starts on
day 2. The regular knights
are bred after day 1 and
that's supposed to be
their hardship! And even
then, they aren't often real.

Oh why, oh why
would you do something
like that? You don't
seem like the type...



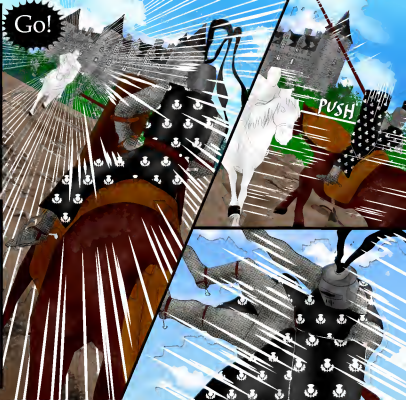
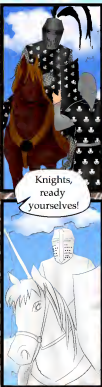
Your best bet right
now on living, to
be a full knight is
to throw yourself
at the Queen, and
beg her to intercede
on your behalf!

*You talk to
young men
like a
sargeant.*



*Most men were knighted at 18 years +



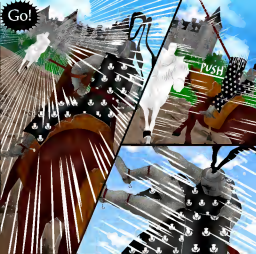


Knights,
ready
yourselves!



Go!

PUSH





As Sir Cinflet lay there
stunned, catching his
breath, he mused that

It was the most
gentle unhorsing
he had ever had.

What kind of skill did
his opponent have, if
he could unseat men
with such precision?



The crowd
stared at the
knight in
pure white

in complete
shocked
silence...

Before erupting
into a cheer loud
enough to shake
the ground.

Vergesad

Vergesad

Vergesad

Vergesad

Good Heavens, Kay!
Did you see that?
He just knocked Giffet
over like a rag doll!
In perfect form!

Happit Giffet's just
losing it in his dosage.
It's no more than
beginner's luck.



Why are you
lousy wrens
still standing
here?

Get out there
and knock
him down!

Go on that
crab in
England!



Match to
the vergescu!



I didn't even
manage to
make contact...



I'll show you
boys how things
are done.



Vergescu
wins again!



Yet another
knight defeated!



It felt like charging
against the castle wall.

Well before the
47th knight fell,

it became clear
even to skeptical
Sir Kay that

the vergescu
was no ordinary
knight.



Yet, with each knight he unharned, Galahad only felt increasingly more anxious.



The time he would have to face his mother approached.



Getting what you want must be a good punishment for those who defy the normal order.

He couldn't think of what to say to her, once his favourite confidant.



I don't think he hears me at all

from talking for a while

Uh...Can somebody get him to take off his great helm?





My lord King, my
apolo-squeak-

RUMBLE

RUMBLE

What, did his
voice just break?

GAT

My apologies.

MURMUR

How old is
this knight
again?

GAT

MURMUR

Completely
mortified at
his own voice.



Er... Young knight—
Despite your dearth
of years, you are clearly
today's champion.

HAHUMPH

Well fought! The prize of
the first day, 500 gold, and
the right to choose your
Queen of Love and Beauty
goes to you. Raise your
lance to receive the accolade.



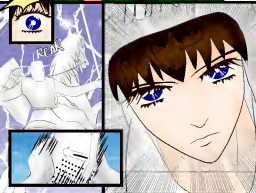
not talking
anymore

May we hear of your
name, whence you hail
and, who knighted you?

SHOCK
SHOCK

Jack







Would you do me
the honour of a
private audience?



Al Chevalier Mefais

The Knight Who Sinned



